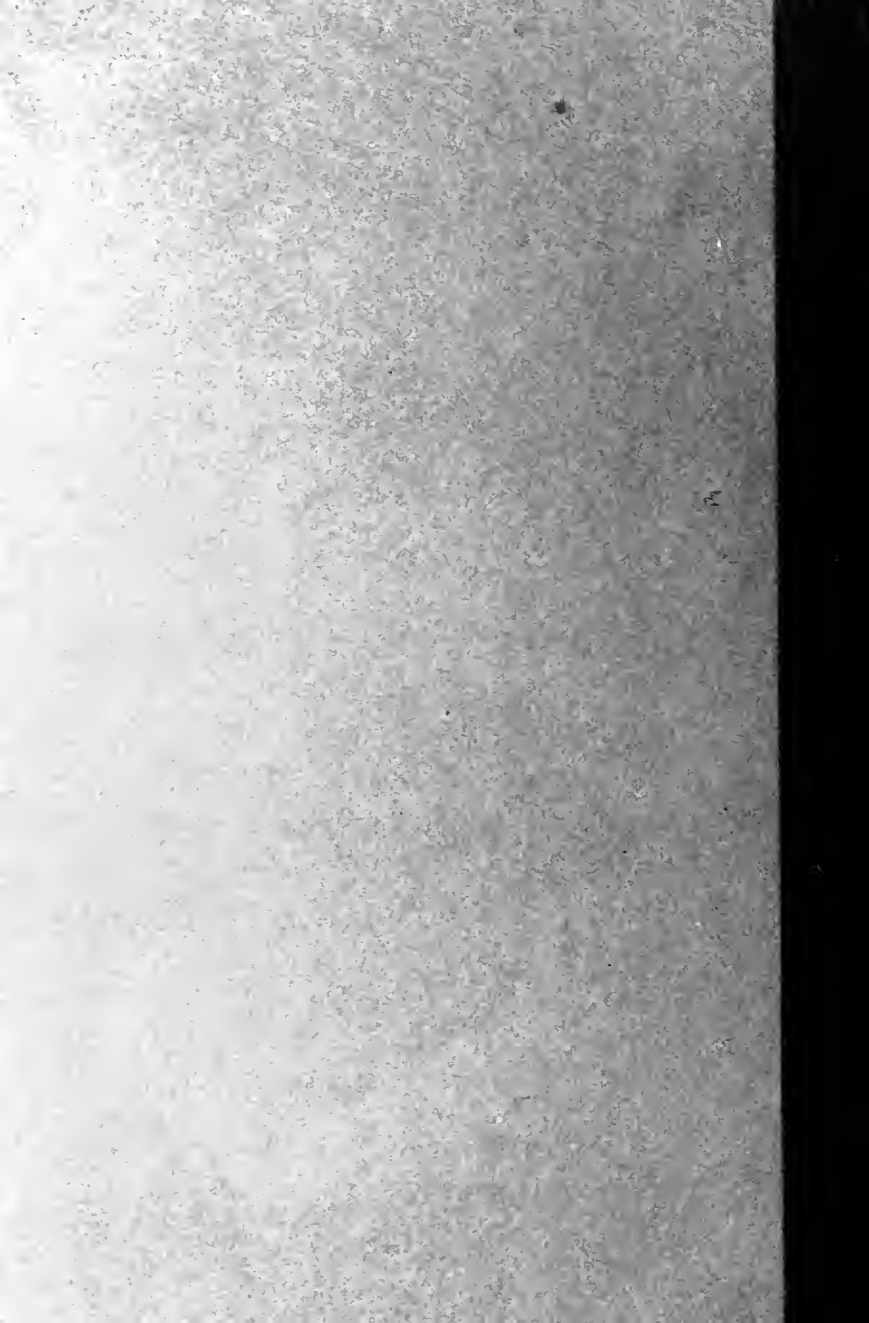


Power, Tyrone  
St. Patrick's Eve  
Original complete ed.

PR  
5189  
P5853  
1884



DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

# ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

BY TYRONE POWER.



ORIGINAL COMPLETE EDITION.—PRICE ONE PENNY.

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82. Tom and Jerry.
83. Alexander the Great.
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85. The Brothers.
86. Way of the World.
87. Cymbeline.
88. She Would & She Would Not.
89. Deserted Daughter.
90. Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are.
91. Every Man in his Humour.
92. Midsummer Night's Dream.
93. Tamerlane.
94. A Bold stroke for a Husband.
95. Julius Cæsar.
96. All for Love.
97. The Tempest.
98. Richard Cœur de Lion.
99. The Morning Bride.
100. Mahomet, the Impostor.
101. Duplicity.
102. The Devil to Pay.
103. Troilus and Cressida.
104. Ways and Means.
105. All in the Wrong.
106. Cross Purposes.
107. The Orphan; or, the Unhappy Marriage.
108. Bon Ton.
109. The Tender Husband.
110. El Hyder; or, the Chief of the Ghaut Mountains.
111. The Country Girl.
112. Midas.
113. The Castle of Andalusia.
114. Two Strings to your Bow.
115. Measure for Measure.
116. The Miser.
117. The Haunted Tower.
118. The Tailors.
119. Love for Love.
120. The Robbers of Calabria.
121. Zara.
122. High Life Below Stairs.
123. Marino Faliero.
124. The Waterman.
125. Vespers of Palermo.
126. The Farm House.
127. Comedy of Errors.
128. The Rump.
129. The Distressed Mother.
130. Atonement.
131. Three Weeks after Marriage.
132. The Suspicious Husband.
133. Dog of Montargis.
134. Heiress.
135. Deserter.
136. Henry the Eighth.
137. ns.
138. niting Sergeant.
139. al Magnetism.
140. Confederacy.
141. Carmelite.
142. Chances.
143. es of a Day.
144. s Andronicus.
145. and Virginia.
146. w Your Own Mind.
147. Padlock.
148. Constant Couple.
149. er Late than Never.
150. Spouse and I.
151. y One has his Fault.
152. Dence is in Him.
153. Adopted Child.
154. ers' Vows.
155. d of the Oaks.
156. The Duenna.
157. The Turnpike Gate.
158. Lady of Lyons.
159. Miss in her Teens.
160. Twelfth Night.
161. Lodoiska.
162. The Earl of Warwick.
163. Fortune's Frolics.



PR  
5101  
P5223 8204  
1804

# ST. PATRICK'S EVE; OR, THE ORDER OF THE DAY. A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS. BY TYRONE POWER.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket, September 18th, 1837.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

[See page 9.]

FREDERICK THE SECOND (King of Prussia)	...	Mr. Webster.
GENERAL COUNT GOTHA (Commanding the Army)	...	Mr. Harris.
MAJOR O'DOHERTY (Of the Dragons of the Royal Guard)	...	Mr. Power.
CAPTAIN GUSTAVUS SCHONFELDT (Secretly married to Catherine)	...	Mr. Selby.
CAPTAIN BRANDT (Aide-de-Camp to the King)	...	Mr. Worrell.
SERGEANT KRAUT (Of the Guards)	...	Mr. Bishop.
JODEN (A Grenadier)	...	Mr. Hart.
BLITZ (Ba'tman to the Major)	...	Mr. Strickland.
DOCTOR MOUCHET (A French Savant)	...	Mr. Gough.
FRANCIS BARON TRENCK (Chief of the Austrian Pandours)	...	Mr. Haines.
PIERRE	...	Mr. Ross.

CONTINUATION OF DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CATHERINE (A Ward of the King's)	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Miss E. Phillips.
MADAME SCHONFELDT	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mrs. W. Clifford.
MECHL	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Miss Wrighton.
MRS. BLITZ	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Mrs. Tayleure.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—Two Hours.

## COSTUME.

FREDERICK THE SECOND.—Blue military coat faced with red, white kerseymere waistcoat and small-clothes, blue and white sash, military high boots, and three-cocked hat edged with feather trimming.

GENERAL COUNT GOTHA.—Blue military uniform.

MAJOR O'DOHERTY.—Ibid.

CAPTAIN GUSTAVUS SCHONFELDT.—Ibid.

CAPTAIN BRANDT.—Ibid.

SERGEANT KRAUT.—Ibid.

JODEN.—Ibid.

BLITZ.—Military undress.

DOCTOR MOUCHET.—Court suit.

FRANCIS BAKON TRENCK.—1st dress: Austrian uniform. 2nd dress: Prussian uniform.

PIERRE.—A light blue jacket, flowered silk waistcoat, black small-clothes, and white stockings.

CATHERINE.—A Court dress.

MADAME SCHONFELDT.—Ibid.

MECHL.—A Prussian peasant's dress.

MRS. BLITZ.—Ibid.

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*; L. U. E. *Left Upper Entrance*; R. U. E. *Right Upper Entrance*; L. S. E. *Left Second Entrance*; P. S. *Prompt Side*; O. P. *Opposite Prompt*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.—R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R

RC

C.

LC.

L.

\*\*\* The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage facing the Audience.

# ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Saloon in the Chateau of Schonfeldt, with balcony, overlooking the country—drums in the distance, beating the generale—trumpets sounding calls for cavalry, &c.

CATHERINE and GUSTAVUS discovered looking over the balcony—they advance.

Cath. Yes, dear Gustavus, it is now too certain, this day the King will quit Schonfeldt.

Gus. The first division of the royal guard is now under arms, and the King seldom remains far behind when the guards sleep in the field.

Cath. And to-morrow recommences the dreadful business of war.

Gus. Nay, may be commenced already, since the light division under Prince Henry left their winter quarters two days ago, and are now huddled in the field. Aye, and call this dreadful war by as many ugly names as you will, my own Catherine, there are no hearts leap lighter or higher at the trumpet that summons the soldier to the field than those of the gentle sex.

Cath. Do you forget that I witnessed your arrival on this frontier, after your disastrous retreat from Berlin?

Gus. You certainly on that day saw us at some disadvantage. Yet, worn as was the royal guard, it had that very morning repulsed a whole myriad of Treack's rascal Pandours; aye, and charged up to the very guns, behind which the waspish swarm found safety! (Trumpet sounds, L. H.—distant.)

MECHI runs in, L. H.

Mech. Oh, my dear Miss Catherine, and Captain Gustavus, I've come to say— Pray do go on to the balcony, and look over. (Crosses Catherine.) Here's such a heap of counts, and generals, and aides-de-camp, come back with the old King, and all the soldiers drawn out below. Your mamma and me in the hall, and Sergeant Krant and the King, and everybody coming in directly.

Cath. Does my mamma, then, require me to descend? or was it only to tell me this fine piece of news, that you left the sight?

Mech. I declare I'm so deranged, miss, that I have forgotten who it was sent me here, or what I was to do. Let me— Oh, aye, now I mind me. Major O'Dogherty whispered me to see if Captain Gustavus was here, and say he wanted a word with him. (Trumpet sounds.) There they come! Oh, Miss Catherine, Miss Catherine, you'll lose all the show!

Gus. (Crosses Catherine.) Ha, ha, ha! Here's a sample of the terror war creates in the breast of

woman! Descend, pretty Mechi, and say to the Major, I am here at his service; with your leave, that is, Miss Catherine? (Trumpet again.)

(Catherine bows, smilingly—Mechi runs off, L. H., speaking as she goes.)

Mech. Yes, Captain Gustavus, I'll tell him. Run, Miss Catherine, run! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

[Exit, L. H.]

Cath. You smile, Gustavus, at the thoughtless levity of that poor girl. Oh, if she looked but through my eyes, and saw in the doomed line, that being numbered, in whose life alone she lived, with what changed feelings would she regard its deceitful bravery!

Gus. Come, come, sweet wife of mine, a trace with your eoward philosophy, for war is a glorious game, after all; and if the penalties fell only on the players, one would scarcely count them over-great, the victor's reward being still honour, and the cheering smile of beauty! For, say what you will, 'tis woman, gentle woman, after all, who sends the soldier to the fight.

Cath. Woman! Oh, scandal! scandal! Major O'Dogherty. (Without, L. H.) Do you give yourself no trouble; I'll find the way, I'll engage.

Gus. Nay, here comes our gallant Major; we'll refer the point to his experience. He shall decide for us.

Enter MAJOR O'DOGHERTY, L. H.

Maj. Heaven save all here! Miss Catherine, the most devoted of your devotees! (Crosses to her.)

Cath. Major, we have a point of dispute to refer to you, in which my whole sex is interested; and you will, I know, when I state the case, decide candidly whether woman be in fault or not?

Maj. Undoubtedly! With the most perfect candour and impartiality, I decide then that she is not in fault.

Gus. What, Major, decide in the ladies' favor before you have heard me state the case?

Maj. Surely, my dear lad, therein lies the salvation of my gallantry; for the love of beauty, don't state the case, or ten to one my conscience will compel me to reverse my decree.

Gus. At least permit me to ask, are not the women the primary cause of all the wars and fighting which take place here below?

Maj. Indisputably, both here below and there above, assuredly, the honour of our warlike propensities is all their own. To the gentle sex we owe our earliest aspirations after blows; and from their practical lessons we derive the rudiments of the art manual; for don't we firstly fight with our mothers? secondly, we fight with our sisters; thirdly, we fight with our sweethearts; and lastly,

naître; the only return I can proffer for your lessons in philosophy.

Doc. That I came to teach, is true, sire; but I remain to be instructed. In philosophy, as in poetry and war, your Majesty will endure no rival.

(Bows obsequiously.)

Fred. That's very well said; very well, for a doctor! But go, Mouchet, and see that all is arranged at the lodge. Tell my cook that we'll sup at twelve o'clock.

(Aside.)

[Exit Mouchet, L. H.]

(As the King turns to address the staff, the officers advance, L. H. C., the General in front of group.)

Fred. Now, gentlemen, good morning. I am well satisfied with the state of your different corps, and trust our doings will be answerable to our appearance. But I find some laxity of discipline has crept over you since gout has been more frequent with me. I have therefore resolved to restore our ancient rigour, which defied reverse, and often turned defeat to victory. And be assured that the first order of the day, which I discover to have been broken, in letter or spirit, were the culprit my brother—my own brother—he shall pay the extreme penalty. Make known this resolve to my children, gentlemen, and bid them be prudent, as they value their father's anger. (Beckons Catherine on his R. H.—takes her hand.) Mademoiselle Catherine, adieu. You look, I think, but dully at this hour of parting; thirty years ago I might have read those dimmed eyes in my own favour, but that's all over with me now. I can only promise, that any name you may choose to whisper in my ear shall find favour, even for your sake.

(Pinches her ear, with great kindness of manner.—Ready lights.)

Cath. Ah, sire, your favours are too hazardous to be desired for any one we would wish ever to see again.

Fred. Hum! Not the less acceptable sometimes because perilous. A wife now would have caught eagerly at my offer.

Cath. Do you think so, sire? (Sighs.)

Fred. 'Tis plain that you do not. Well, you have yet time enough for experience. (Catherine retires.) Ha, ha! (Frederick advances a little towards Madame S.) Madame Schonfeldt, adieu; thanks, thanks, and adieu! Adieu, gentlemen!

(Going.)

(Major crosses to follow the King—Catherine catches his arm.)

Cath. (Impressively.) Do not—Oh! do not forget me!

(Frederick turns round sharply, eyeing them close.)

Fred. Forget me! What? Who? Eh? Major—Forget what? what?

Maj. Nothing at all, sire; nothing.

Fred. That much you will remember, I'll answer. But what, I say, are you not to forget?

Maj. I'm not to forget to remember that—(Looking at Catherine, and placing his hand on his heart.) Honour, sire, honour.

Fred. Oh, ho! I see how the wind sets. Honour, eh! honour! (Imitating.) Honour! Be at rest, pretty one; I'll answer for the Major's never forgetting that. Ha, ha, ha! On, boys, on! Who'd turn when old Fritz cries—on!

[Officers—"Long live the king!"—Flourish drums and trumpets—the King and all the officers exeunt, L. H.—ladies go up to window.]

SCENE II.—Almost night—a wood.

Enter TRENCK, L. H., disguised as a courier, followed by PIERRE in livery.

Tre. And on that lodge he has positively fixed?

Pie. Oui, dat is, Monsieur le Docteur have fix for him, which is ze même chose,—all you want, eh?

Tre. Not quite all, ami Pierre; but does your master now return before the King? and through this wood?

Pie. Dis I can no say—par hasard, oui. If he come alone, he come by dis route; if not, he will see you to-night sometime, after ze old wolf go fast to sleep. Voyez.

Tre. If I had but half a dozen of my fellows here now, with fresh horses, we might at once do the work openly by coup-de-main. We are a quarter of a mile from the extreme piquet on the left, with this thick wood lying between, and in front. I've marked every sentry within the circle of a league.

Pie. Parle bas! J'entends quelque chose, something is coming by-and-bye! (Looks out.) C'est lui-même. (Trenck retires a little, L. H.) 'Tis ze docteur!

[Enter DR. MOUCHET, R. H.]

Pie. Bon soir, mon maître. You are come well, Monsieur est là.

(Pierre points over his shoulder, L. H.)

Doc. Good; I am all alone; all's safe! The Baron may advance.

Tre. Then I may cry serviteur. Monsieur le Docteur.

Doc. Pierre, allez chez nous; tell Brunet the King sups at twelve o'clock.

Pie. (Crosses to L. H.) Pas avant? peste! I shall be kill wi some hunger before twelve o'clock; diable m'emporte.

[Exit L. H.]

Doc. All goes on well, Baron; the old dotard, wrapt in his new theory on universal government, leaves General Gotha in command of the army, and takes up his own quarters in the very lodge we reconnoitred. He keeps about his person only his valet, his dogs, Brunet, his cook, Pierre, and your humble servant. Lo! I have shorn this Samson now, be it yours to bind him.

Tre. He is ours! Within less than a mile of the river, in the vaults of the old castle of Herstein, lie some score devils of mine, who, once in saddle, wink at neither fire, steel, hemp, or water—but how safely to approach the Prussian lines?

Doc. Tenes! Have you procured, as I requested, the uniform and horse furniture of the Royal Dragoon of Frederick's own guard?

Tre. Complete—from head to spur rowel, all is prepared.

Doc. To-morrow, then, make grande toilette. Get your savages shaved and washed, and made as Christian-like as possible. Immediately after the reunds pass at eight o'clock, boldly approach the line of sentries nearest this point; I am turned militaire, you must know, and have the honour to be aide-de-camp to the King; I am to bear the password for the night to General Gotha; at the moment when I depart for Count Gotha's quarter, Pierre shall cross the river, and deposit this paper without the line of sentries, at the old place, where you will find it. When you have once gained the



shelter of this wood, leave your horses here, and with a dozen or so of your babarians, approach the King's lodge. Pierre will be ready in waiting to conduct you to the King, who will be occupied with me, alone, and in our hands. Is all clear to you?

Tre. As mid-day. Your hand, docteur; till to-morrow night, adieu. We play for a high stake, win or lose—a king for a ransom on the winning side; rope, bullet, or bayonet if the dice turn against us—*au revoir!*

[Exit Doctor, L. H.—Exit Trenck, R. H.]

SCENE III.—An extensive plain—Twilight; trumpet call—"Stable up"—drums beat tattoo; the Royal Grenadiers on bivouac; guns limbered up; forage carts, &c.; tents and huts of the soldiers, watchfires, &c.

### CHORUS.

STAFF SERGEANT, with Order of the Day, and JODEN.

Sergeant.

Stir, boys, stir! Pot off—fire out!  
That's the Order of the Day!

Joden.

But why this hurry—why this rout?  
We're willing to obey.

The STAFF SERGEANT with Order in his hand.

Attention! Attention! Attention!

List! the "Order" which we mention;

Attention, soldiers, pray;

'Tis the King's command,

Signed by his hand,

"The Order of the Day!"

Chorus.

Attention! Attention! Attention! and obey!

Bass Solo (Joden reads.)

When the sun sinks past you tree,

All at rest must quiet be!

Not a note must come from tramp or drum,

Or a sound, save the beetle's drowsy hum.

Tenor Solo.

No fire, or light, must be seen to-night,

Save the stars above, that shine ever bright!

They take their own way, and will not obey

The King's command,

Though signed by his hand,

Or the "Order of the Day!"

(Chorus.)

MRS. BLITZ, MR. BLITZ, SOLDIERS, and WOMEN discovered. Joden and Sergeant advance.

Blitz. Thunder and lightning, Sergeant-major, but this is sharp practice for a beginning. No fire after sunset, in March, and we just out of our warm straw and snug shelter!

Serg. See what it is, now, to give you old rogues a taste of luxury and ease. A profusion of pea-straw, and a warm barn-floor, for two months, has been the ruin of you all. This is gratitude for the care the King has had of your carnal comforts.

Jod. Ha, ha, ha! Fritz gets old and timorous; he can't forget the loss of Berlin yet, eh?

Serg. No; but the sooner you forget it the better. A defeat is not the thought to have uppermost at the opening of a campaign, old Joden.

Jod. Thunder! You forget, comrade, for one defeat, how many victories I can call to mind—Glogau, Molwitz, Dettingen, Friedberg, Rosbach, Hertzberg! besides sieges and skirmishes out of number.

Blitz. Well said, old Joden—but, mum! here come the rounds!

Enter CAPTAIN BRANDT and Four Dragoons, 2 R. H.

Capt. Fires all getting out; Sergeant-major, be quick!

Serg. Yes, sir. Come, stir there, stir! Out fires; quick, quick!

Jod. (Salutes Captain.) Not so much as a lighted pipe allowed to-night, eh, Captain?

Capt. Not unless you'll run the risk of being shot for it to-morrow, old comrade, eh?

Jod. Ha, ha! Why I have risked a shot or two before now, for less than a whiff of K'master.

Capt. But not in defiance of "The Order of the Day," I fancy, eh, old grumbler?

Jod. Oh, no; but storm, wind, and hail, Captain; this is a teaser. Is it one of Fritz's own orders, or is it the General's?

Capt. The King's own order. "Whosoever is found with light or fire, an hour after sunset, shall, on conviction, be shot at the expiration of twenty-four hours, without hope of pardon." The King is serious, as you may guess by the preamble. I'll have it read to you.

Jod. Oh, no! Thanks, Captain, that's enough.

[Captain Brandt and Dragoons cross, and exit, L. H.]

Jod. No, mercy, eh? I know when old Pache is in earnest. Come, boys, let's drain out our rations, and kennel up for the night. Old Fritz will be amongst us by-and-by, perhaps; and if he is, I'll talk the matter quietly over with him. Till then we've only to obey. Harkye, younker—(taking a canteen from a recruit)—mine's out;—all the same amongst comrades. "The King!" (Drinks.)

All. "The King!" huzza!

(Drum and trumpet.)

### CHORUS.

SOLO.—JODEN.

Clink, clink, the glass!

One clink, and good night.

Bran't wine sure will pass,

Be it dark, boys, or light.

CHORUS (WALTZ).

A dance warms well as a fire:  
And for music what would one desire.  
But the clink of the can while we drink,  
The clink, clink, clink while we drink!

DUET AND TENOR SOLO.—WOMAN AND JODEN.

Good night! good night!

And may morning bring

Health to our father!

Our good old father!

Our brave old father!

Our father and King!

*Blink, clink, clink! dance, dance, and sing!  
A health to our father—our father and King!  
Blink, clink, clink, &c., &c.*

*(In the course of the music, the soldiers and women dance; and, as it finishes, all waltz off progressively at various entrances, R. and L., leaving only the sentinels parading.)*

END OF ACT I.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of Wretched Cottage—saddle, carbine, &c., hung up—stool before door—on L. R. a truckle-bed, boot-rack, and slippers—in centre a table, with candle, dark lantern, matches, pistol, tinder-box—chair on R. of table, stool on L.—quite dark.*

MAJOR O'DOHERTY discovered seated, with a pipe.

Maj. Hah, St. Patrick! but on the eve of your own day this is cold comfort for a countryman—an empty canteen, a full pipe, and no fire! I've tried to flatter myself into a belief that I'm smoking in the dark, but find I'm not so easy to be humbugged as I had hoped, though it is dark. If Captain Gustavus's party was but reported returned, I'd get between the blankets and warm myself with the thought of my snug quarter at Madame Schonfeldt's. Poor Miss Catherine! I was nigh heart-broke to look at her when I came off. Don't forget, says she. Honour, says I. What's that? cried old Fritz. Ha, ha, ha! I put his nose on a wrong scent for once, cunning and curious as he is. I'm cold; never mind, a few nights' practice will make all this wretchedness come quite natural again. It's nothing when one's used to it.

*(Sings.)*

*Tobacco is an Indian weed,  
Springs up in the morning, cut down at eve.  
Man's life is such.*

Sentry. *(Without.)* Who comes?

Maj. *(Continues.)* It fades with a touch!

Gustavus. *(Without.)* A friend!

*(Enters at D. R.)*

Maj. Think of this whilst you're smoking o' baccy?

Gus. Is the Major at home?

*(Looking in at door on flat.)*

Maj. At home.

Gus. Is the Major at home, I say?

Maj. Not quite, just yet; it will be a long time before I'm at home in this pig's palace. Gustavus, my boy, is that yourself? Give us a feel of your fist. Don't tread on the cat; she's the only Christian companion I've got in this dog-hole! What, your left paw! How's this, hurt? Diab! Not badly, I hope? Was it a shot or a slice? or maybe a poke from the pike of some d—d Pandour! Why, what the devil's come to you? Can't you see to speak in the dark?

Gus. Zounds, Major! give time for breath. I have had a rencontre with rascally irregulars, backed by a troop of Daun's cuirassiers, and—

Maj. And soundly you peppered both the irregu-

lars and the regulars, I'll be bail. Oh! the boys were in fine fighting order, horse and man.

Gus. Do attend, Major. You must know I pushed part of my detachment across the river to pursue the enemy in flank. Now, what I fear is that, from the line of their route, they will return by the Chateau Schonfeldt, and possibly halt there.

Maj. They are fools if they don't halt there.

Gus. I am lost if they do! since they will report me killed to a certainty, my horse being shot, and I down in our first burst.

Maj. Pooh! what signifies their saying you're dead to-night, when you can contradict the report, *viva voce*, in the morning?

Gus. We must not leave it uncontradicted so long, Major; you remember my pledge to poor Catherine?

Maj. What, the letter? Whew!

Gus. Under any circumstances, I'd keep faith with her. But at present I'd not risk leaving her to the torture of such a report for worlds! I must keep my word—*côte qui coute*—she must hear from me within an hour.

Maj. You ought to have thought of this promise of yours before coming into the camp at all.

Gus. I know I ought; but it was only when I arrived at the General's that, finding my report received in darkness, I learnt the present order of the day; the devil take it, I say!

Maj. Amen, say I! if saying so be not treason. What will that do? You can't write left-handed, you know.

Gus. Meantime you must be my amanuensis; come, Major.

Maj. Is it to write? You might as well ask me to light you a pipe. I'd as easily crawl through the touch-hole of a carbine as scribble a billet-doux in the dark.

Gus. Pho! pho! my dear Major. Love is always blind, you know.

Maj. Maybe he is, but I never heard that his clerk was. Besides, consider my regard for orthography, I'm no walking dictionary by day, and in the dark I'd not be able to spell peas at all.

Gus. Well, well, we'll have a light then, Major.

Maj. Oh, to be sure, an illumination; but first, maybe, you'd read the "Order of the Day."

Gus. In the dark, how the devil can I read it? Come, come, dear Major, torture me no longer; you are pledged to aid me, you know. Consider, the health, nay, the very life of that dear girl depends on one line from your hand. Can you refuse, Major.

Maj. Didn't I decide woman was at the bottom of all mischief; I wash my hands of it. I'd not take part in creating the blaze of a rush-light, not for a regiment of the guards.

Gus. *(Feels the pipe.)* Why, you've broken the letter of the order already; you've been smoking evidently, that I can see.

Maj. Can you? Then you can see smoke without fire, and that's what they never see in Kilkenny with it, for—

It's there you'd see fire without smoking  
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs, &c., &c

No, I rejected temptation, though cool as an ice-melon, and having all the material left ready under my very nose.

Gus. I don't see it.

Maj. How should you?—but you may feel it. Isn't that the pistol tinder-box—my own invention?

Gus. Well?

Maj. Isn't that a match?

Gus. Well?

Maj. And isn't that a lamp?

Gus. And you persist that your stupid invention will ignite tinder!

Maj. Of course it will, like lightning.

Gus. I never saw it succeed once in twenty times.

Ha, ha, ha!

Maj. I'll hold you a roulean it doesn't fail once in twenty times. The devil you didn't.

Gus. Done, for a roulean.

Maj. Done! (Pulls the trigger and obtains a light.) There's one!

Gus. (Lighting the candle.) That's enough. I lose, Major.

Maj. The devil! what are we at! The sentry will see our light though the cracks in the door.

Gus. Under my hat, impossible; you've won, Major.

Maj. Damn the wager; out with the light, I say.

Gus. Quick, Major, or by heavens I'll set the thatch in a blaze.

Maj. Do, and I'll run away in the smoke. Zounds, you're mad. Och, devil take your wager; I'm ruined! Here, here's my dark lantern. I'll light that, and shut it close; no one can see it, not even ourselves.

Gus. May I trust you? honour, Major, honour!

Maj. Oh, honour! put out that candle.

(They light the lantern, and put out the candle.)

Gus. Thanks, dear O'Dogherty; for myself I would not ask for this you know, Major, but poor little Catherine, you know, Major.

Maj. Och, blarney; you know, Major, I'll be shot, you know, Major; here's the material; now, be quick; let the light come oblique; so, that's bushels; now fire; pooh, that is indite. My dearest, dear darling, the old beginning, I suppose.

Gus. Pooh, nonsense!

Maj. You may say that; d—d nonsense! Be quick.

Gus. Now, you will not be surprised, love.

(Dictating.)

Maj. I'll be surprised at nothing, after my breaking an order of the day. Well, surprised.

Gus. At my brevity, when hereafter I inform you what a penalty I incur in writing it.

Maj. That's true; more fool I, says you, in writing it; well, go on.

Gus. But with you I will keep faith, although, to do so, I break the order of our father and King.

Maj. Father and King.

Sentry. (Without.) Who comes?

(The soldiers, who were arranged behind the scene on L. H., now march across, not in sight, but the sound of their feet is heard distinctly.—Major puts his hat over the lantern, keeping it in front.)

Maj. Hark! Go to the door, Gustavus, and see if it's the rounds passing. Maybe it's Fritz himself taking a stroll in the dark; come, be quick,

my fingers are so frozen that curse me if I can tell whether I've hold of a pen or a pitchfork.

(During the speech Gustavus goes to the door, pulls it open, and beholds the KING in the doorway.—Gustavus starts, and retreats into the side door in the entrance, R. H. The King turning, looks in at the threshold, and challenges aloud with—)

Fred. Who goes there? eh?

Maj. Ha, ha! 'Pon my word, that's very like, a good imitation, ha, ha! but, come, shut the door and be damned to you, or this lamp will burn a hole in my hat. Fangh, I'll stink of oil like a Russian Grenadier for the next ten days. Come, sit down till I finish. (Uncovers the lantern.)

(Frederick beckons on JODEN and another soldier, and having closed the door, comes forward, feeling his way with his cane.)

Maj. Why, what ails you? you keep slithering about like a cow in a pair of skates—Ha, ha, ha! I'm thinking if that had been old Fritz, and he'd taken it into his head to come in! I remember the very night after the battle of Rosbach, I walked into my hut, wet and weary, and there I found the old king rolled up in my best blanket fast asleep, with the only dry shirt I had in the world twisted round his head by way of a nightcap. Ha, ha, ha! that royal visit was a majority in my way; but for all that, by my soul, were he to walk in now, my majority and life would not be worth a purchase of—how many hours do you say?

Fred. (On the chair, R. of table.) Just twenty-four!

Maj. (Starting, and cautiously turning the light on the King's face.) Eh! W—what!—the king! Fuit, O'Dogherty, there will speedy death-vacancy in the list of field-officers! Sir, I know my offence, and am prepared to pay the penalty.

(Rises respectfully.)

Fred. Grenadiers, advance. Major, you are under arrest. Give up your sword.

Maj. Sir! my sword to—

Fred. To me, to me! It will suffer no shame at my hands.

Maj. Your Majesty does me too much honour. May it find a hand in which it may do you better service than it ever did in mine.

Fred. Umph! that might be difficult. But, bah! what signifies the hand being heavy when the head is so light? What trash is here? (Taking the paper off the table.) Let me see. Grenadier, hold up the light,

Jod. No!

Fred. No? Wherefore no?

Jod. Against the order of the day!

Fred. True, by Jove! the guard will be on us all; blow it out. (Joden blows out the light.) So, now we obey the "order of the day." Is not that old Joden?

Jod. Yes, father, it is?

Fred. I thought so—good! I should have known evil example would fail to reach a grenadier of thirty years, a true son of old Frederick's. Major, I must make you an example for my whole guard.

(Impressively.)

Major. It will not be the first time you have done me that honour, sir.

Fred. Hum! true, true; I grieve that it will be the last. You must die, Major.

# ST. PATRICK'S EVE.

Maj. I ever held my life for your Majesty's service.

Fred. I could wish to have disposed of it at a later period, and on a fitter occasion. Who was with you when I entered? you had a companion; who was he? Eh?

Maj. A gentleman for whom I entertain too high a respect to trouble with much of my company—myself, sire.

Fred. Do you usually converse so loudly with yourself?

Maj. For want of better company, sire.

Fred. Hum! You'll not tell me who your companion was, then? (Major bows.) I'm glad of it. (Aside.) And this precious scrawl was, I suppose, for—

Maj. Honour, sire, honour!

Fred. I'm silent. Hum! She so gentle, in love with you; I should not have thought it possible.

Maj. There's no accounting for taste in such matters, sire.

Enter CAPTAIN BRANDT at door in flat.

(Captain comes down, R. H.)

Fred. Well; what now? who's there? Speak; who comes?

Capt. The valet of the French savant seeks for you, sire.

Fred. Hah! from Mouchet. I'll come to him. Captain Brandt, call a court-martial of my guard at head-quarters in the morning; let the proofs against the criminal be duly entered and examined; he will die one hour after sunset. Good night.

(Going.)

(Gustavus comes from the side door, R. H., greatly agitated, and kneels to the King, L.)

Gus. Oh, sire!

Fred. Who's here? Hah! Gustavus Schonfeldt—eh? a brave lad, worthy your father. I've heard all; and so you're wounded—eh?

Gus. Sire, I come, on my knees, to—

(The King turns away from Gustavus—Major whispers.)

Maj. Consider Catherine, your mother.

Gus. Catherine, my mother; my poor mother!

Fred. (Catching at the word, and drawing out his pocket-book.) Aye; true, true, your mother; I had forgot her. We'll send you to her to assure her of your safety; you have leave for four days, and may pass the lines to-night; here, here's the word.

(Gives a paper, which he has written on.)

Gus. This night, may I?—Oh, sire, this is a gift. Yet, my friend, I cannot leave him. Sire, one word, I—

Maj. (Aside to him.) You're mad!

Fred. Not a word, or I revoke my favour. Be gone to your home; there is one there, your cousin Catherine, the affair of this night, I fancy, will need be broken to her by a friendly tongue.

Maj. Poor Catherine! Poor Catherine!

Gus. Oh, torture! But, sire, permit me to pass to-morrow with my friend. Grant this, for heaven's sake!

Fred. Certainly; I seek to be just, severely so, perhaps. I am not inhuman enough to keep comrades from an adieu. Captain, let Gustavus see the prisoner when he pleases to-morrow, after court-martial.

Gus. Thanks, sire, thanks; Major, for a few hours, farewell; rely on me!

[Aside to Major. Exit at D. F. King is turning from Brandt.]

Maj. One favour, sire.

Fred. Name it quickly.

Maj. To be shot by grenadiers of the guard.

Fred. Granted. Captain, see to it.

Maj. One other, sire?

King. Well?

Maj. To die in parade order?

Fred. Yes, certainly! Captain, let the Major's sword be restored to him after the sentence is recorded. He is a brave soldier, and ought to die wearing that sword he never drew but with honour!

(Going.)

Maj. Thanks, sire, and long life!

Fred. Captain, look well to your guard. You can leave the Major in his own quarters.

Capt. Guard, turn out!

Fred. No, no; you forget. I have no present command here, therefore no guard; no nonsense, no noise; quiet, quiet, and good night. (Makes a hasty advance to the door—stops and raises his hat, looking towards Major.) Major, farewell!

[Exit, D. F.]

Maj. Heaven save you, sire. May you live to drub every foe you've got in the world, though I'll not live to help you; for you're every inch a soldier, and a soldier's friend.

Capt. Major, can I by any means serve you?

Maj. No, thank you, my dear lad; only let my batman, Blitz, pass in betimes in the morning to call me, that I may make a decent toilet, and get breakfast before this last court-martial of mine. I always hated court-martials.

Capt. Your servants shall have free access; rely on it. Major, adieu!

[Gives directions to sentries, and exits, with Major's sword, at D. F.]

(Joden and the other soldier pace to and fro as sentries.—The Major takes off his wig, boots, &c.)

Maj. This is a pretty St. Patrick's Eve! a pretty wind-up to the opening of a campaign! I must be writing love-letters, and be d—d to me! and second-hand, too.—Oh, Miss Dalia O'Dogherty, 'tis you who have brought me to this!—I can't see why a man shouldn't pass his last night snug and comfortable, as well as his first. That thief Blitz always forgets how to make my bed, though Mrs. B. knows well enough how I like to lie. Poor soul! I hope she'll think of a shamrock for me. Yaw! that's cosey; good night, old comrade.

Jod. Good night, Major.

(They face about, and stand fast.)

Maj. That'll do, my lads; walk about, but tread light.

(The sentries resume their walk, and the Major composes himself to rest on the bed.)

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The General's Quarter—House, 3 E. R. H., backed by distant country.*

*Two Dragoons on duty at the door, Grenadiers discovered standing at ease, L. H., with JODEN, BLITZ, and SERGEANT in front.*

*Serg.* A sentence must pass, of course; but I say the King ought to pardon him.

*Blitz.* He ought, or he'll lose the best officer of the First Regiment of Dragoons of the Royal Guard. What sayest thou, Joden?

*Jod.* I say the King ought not to pardon him, though he is the best officer of the Dragoons of the Guard. Didn't the Major break "The Order of the Day," and that the very first issued?

*Blitz.* Hardly—as well as I can make out from what Mrs. B. says, Mrs. B. says that—

*Jod.* Pooh! Mrs. B. be d—

*Blitz.* Hollo, there!

*Jod.* Didn't "The Order" forbid the use of fire or light, on pain of death?

*Serg.* But would you make no allowance for an officer?

*Jod.* Oh—aye—I forgot I was talking to an officer; ask pardon; but don't—don't depend too much on your rank, for I can tell you, that if you break one of Fritz's orders, in spite of your stripes, he'll bore you as full of holes as my cartridge-box.

*Drum.*—*Enter CAPTAIN BRANDT, from house, R. H.*

*Blitz.* Is he relieved?

*Serg.* Is he pardoned?

*Jod.* Is he condemned?

*Capt.* He's to be shot; and that by the senior Grenadiers of the Guard.

*Jod.* That's pleasant for us old ones! Bess, my old lass, that bit o' lead will be the hardest mouthful ever crammed down your throttle. However, it's well to be a favourite at the worst of times. It's not every man would have the honour of his last volley from the muskets of the Grenadiers of Frederick's own Guard. *(Drum—one ruff.)*

*Capt.* The court's up. Guard, fall in.

*Serg.* Guard, fall in. Order arms! Shoulder arms!

*Drum ruffs.*—*Enter GENERAL and two OFFICERS, and MAJOR, from the house.*

*Maj.* Now, gentlemen, *au revoir*; till when, Heaven and Saint Patrick be with you.

*(Captain gives sword to Major.)*

*Gen.* Major, your hand. I will not offer a brave man like you the insult of pity. But in making report of your sentence to the King, whom I shortly expect, will you enable me to offer one word to his Majesty in extenuation of your fault?

*Maj.* To the King?—Not one syllable. But to yourself, General, let me offer the thanks of a poor Irish soldier, into whose heart, when once man or woman found the way, it never after consulted his head, when the question was to do them a service.

*(The General turns away, evidently affected—Blitz advances R. H. to Major, with his cloak—salutes.)*

*Maj.* Ah, Blitz! my old boy, are you there? Welcome! aye, put on my cloak, though it's not very cold, either. But where the devil is Mother B., that she never brought me a shamrock to-day at all?

*Blitz.* Mrs. B. was in too much trouble to-day, Major, to think of any such nonsense.

*Maj.* What's that? Is it nonsense? The shamrock! the evergreen trefoil of ould Erin; the prettiest, the most poetical, and most pious of national emblems, nonsense! Why, you heatlensish dragoon, there's more meaning in— But there's no use expounding that which is beyond your limited comprehension. Present my love to Mrs. Blitz, and say I'll trouble her to add to her trouble on my account, by getting me the neatest bunch of shamrock she can find. Though I couldn't live by the green, I'll die by it, anyhow. It will serve, in my last hour, to recall to my memory the land of my birth. In my life I have never ceased to remember it—I'll not forget it in my death!

*(The Grenadiers face up the stage, on the L. H., and are led by the Sergeant round by R. H., and across in front, going off 1 E. L. H., leaving room after the first six for the Major to fall in, the last six following him. Blitz follows also.—Exit, guarded, 1 E. L. H.)*

*Gen.* This is indeed the most painful affair it ever fell to my lot to preside over. To see so brave a fellow, and so good a soldier, sacrificed to the mere letter of an order! I never saw sorrow so universal as it appears to be for the Major.

*Capt.* No man in the army has more friends. How dreadfully excited young Captain Gustavus appeared, when with you in the morning. Did he not insist on an interview with Frederick?

*Gen.* He did, but I was too much his friend to permit it. I put him on a wrong scent, by telling him the King was gone to inspect Prince Henry's division.

*Capt.* And thither, I suppose, Gustavus set off immediately?

*Gen.* On the spur. But hush, here comes his mother and his pretty cousin. The report is, that the young lady is betrothed to the poor Major.

*Capt.* Oh, impossible!

*Gen.* I had it from the King himself, who is not easily blinded in love or war. This will be a most painful rencontre, yet I cannot shun it.

*Enter MADAME SCHONFELDT and CATHERINE, 2 E. R. H.*

*Cath.* Count Gotha, they tell me you have the power, I know you have the heart, to be merciful; say, are there yet hopes of succeeding with the King?

*Gen.* To appeal to me, my dear young friend, in any case where I have command, is to succeed; but in this, alas, I am powerless as yourself; my duty, however painful the task, being only to obey.

*Mad.* Oh, Gustavus, my son, my son! why did you peril yourself by seeking an interview with the King? I, at least, might have safely wept a way to his heart, whilst one hasty word from your lips may involve us all in this ruin.

*Gen.* Be comforted, Madame Schonfeldt; I have sent your son to seek the King where I knew he was not to be found. I felt that, in the temper he appeared before me, I could offer him no greater service.

*Cath.* Gustavus will not then see the King! Oh, thanks, thanks; there is yet hope. You will aid me to see him, General, but for a few moments. I will not long vainly importune him; I feel I shall not, for my heart is breaking. *(Drum.)*

*Officer.* (Without, at 2 E. R. H.) Guard, turn out! The King! *(Catherine falls on her knees.)*

*Cath.* Thank Heaven! then I shall be permitted to plead for him. I will not rise before he hears me.

*Gen.* If you would not destroy the hope you seek to cherish, be advised, retire for a few moments. Pray retire; this way. Captain Brandt!

*(Whispers to Brandt, who retires up with the ladies.—Two ruffs and a long roll of drum.)*

Enter FREDERICK, 2 E. R. H., followed by DR. MOUCHET.

*Fred.* So, General, good morning. Any intelligence? All continue well with Prince Henry?

*Gen.* I have some reports from the Prince to lay before your Majesty, if you will please to enter the house.

*Fred.* (Going.) Oh! Captain Brandt, let me see one or two of the most intelligent of those prisoners young Schonfeldt brought in last night.

*[Exit Brandt, L. H.]*

By the way, General, is that affair of Major O'Dogherty, of my guard, over? um!

*Gen.* It is, sire.

*Fred.* Well? He—

*Gen.* He will die, one hour after sunset.

*Fred.* Oh! Anything to say from?—

*Gen.* Not one word, sire. He declined my offer to communicate his wishes to you.

*Fred.* He did right; he would only uselessly have pained my feelings. He knew this, and spared me. He's a brave soldier.

*Gen.* Not a braver in the guard, sire.

*Fred.* Not one! You returned him his sword, after sentence? Good. Let him die with it by his side, as he wishes. *Mais allons, docteur. Au revoir, Count.* (As he turns he sees Madame Schonfeldt, kneeling.) What's here, eh? Madame Schonfeldt! your humble servant. Pray, rise! What is all this? Rise, madame, and soberly tell me what you desire of me.

*Mad.* Pardon, sire; pardon for the excellent Major!

*Fred.* Madame Schonfeldt, you are a worthy and an excellent housewife. I know it, for I witnessed and benefitted by your management for three months, during which time I never interfered with any one of your domestic arrangements; did I?

*Mad.* Sire, grant my request, I am overpaid.

*Fred.* Overpaid! I think so, with a vengeance! if you, because you fed me for three months, expect to overturn the discipline of my whole army. Perhaps you'd like to take the command! I wish you would, and let me desert, or run away, for I grow weary of it.

*Mad.* Heavenly mercy, sire, is one of your brightest prerogatives!

*Fred.* Even justice, madam, is the prerogative of my people. I dare not usurp it to gratify my own feelings.

*Mad.* In the sacred cause of mercy, you will incur no blame from your people; your own heart, sire, will answer that.

*Fred.* I have ceased to consult my heart, or I should ill do my duty. I have no feelings of my own, where my people's welfare, or the safety of their country, is a party. If I continue to shut my eyes on every breach of discipline, what

follows?—my army becomes ineffective, is beaten, sinks in spirit, continues to suffer reverses, degenerates into a disheartened mob; all Prussia, as well as my capital, is overrun by my enemies; *Russian, French, Austrian, Cossack, and Pandour*, carry murder and violation into the bosoms of our homes, till the land is left a desert. In this ruin you would suffer, it is true; but no curses would ring in your dying ears, or self-born reproaches burn within, worse than the enemy's fire, and more enduring; reminding you, that had your heart been consulted less, and the great ends of justice more, strangers would not be making desert the inheritance of your children! Go, go; return home, madame; I honour your feelings,—learn to respect and spare mine. Not another word!

*(Turning away, encounters Catherine, kneeling; her hands clasped, her eyes uplifted, in mute despair. Frederick looks at her for a moment.)*

*Mais, mon cher docteur, quelle horreur! This utterly passes my philosophy!*

Enter CAPTAIN BRANDT, L. H.

*Fred.* Captain, direct the sentries to suffer no one to enter this house. Clear the court, even!

*(Affecting great severity.)*

*[General, doctor, and officers exeunt, R. H.]*

*Fred.* (Whispers to Brandt.) Let the girl follow me, quickly and silently. Not a word! not a word!

*[Exit in house, hastily.]*

*Cath.* O sire, hear me! O cruel, cruel!

*Capt.* (To Catherine.) Follow the King, quickly. Hush!

*Cath.* Ah!

*(Captain turns to the sentries—Catherine rushes into the house—MECHI enters, 1 E. R. H.)*

*Capt.* (To sentries.) Observe! Suffer no one to enter the General's quarters during his Majesty's stay. Ladies, I must request you will retire.

*Mech.* O madame, I've just seen Captain Gustavus ride into the camp. Such a fright, covered with dirt, and pale as a ghost!

*Mad.* We must meet, and prevent his coming here; it would destroy all hope. Heaven touch the heart of the King with mercy.

*[Madame and Mech exeunt R. H.]*

## SCENE II.—Ante-room in the General's Quarters, 1 G.

Enter FREDERICK, R. H., followed by CATHERINE.

*Fred.* Pooh, pooh! hold your silly tongue, girl; why the plague should you die? I don't require that.

*Cath.* Ah, sire, if the Major dies, Gustavus will not live, and his death would break both his poor mother's and my heart.

*Fred.* His death! Whose death? I thought it was the Major you were pleading for. What the devil has his death to do with Gustavus Schonfeldt?

*Cath.* No, sire, nothing; only I, I—

*Fred.* Hum! I begin to see further into this affair. I suspect—(Aside.) Come near; was this nonsense designed for you?

*(Shows the paper.)*

*Cath.* It was, sire.

*Fred.* Then O'Dogherty loves you? (*she bows*), and you love him evidently?

*Cath.* I do indeed—kindest, bravest, best of men!

*Fred.* You know how much I am interested in the welfare of every member of Madame Schonfeldt's family; if now I were to wink at the Major's escape, on certain terms—

*Cath.* Oh, sire, name; and if we, if I—

*Fred.* You shall make him your husband. I will banish him my service and the Prussian States. You will accompany him, and be answerable that he never returns; do you agree? You hesitate!

*Cath.* (*Kneels.*) Pardon, sire! I see you know all, and vain is the attempt to blind you. It was for his friend Gustavus the Major wrote those lines, the former being unable to keep a promise I had forced him to make me at partin.

*Fred.* More fools they to break through the first order of the campaign, and peril their own lives to dry the selfish tears of a love-sick girl! And you too, you ought to have known better; how dare you fall in love with one of my guards without my leave? You must tell Gustavus that if he makes known his share of this affair, he must look to be included in the Major's sentence.

(*Cath. rises.*)

*Cath.* He will nevertheless make all known, sire, be assured, the moment he returns.

*Fred.* Returns! Where is he gone, then?

*Cath.* To Prince Henry's camp, sire. Finding him resolute to see you, I, dreading the consequences, wrote to the General so to mislead him, which he kindly did.

*Fred.* Ha, ha! why, you're a cunning wench, egad! and if Gustavus weds, he must look to you. But that's not my affair; follow me into the General's room; there we can quietly consult some plan for this silly fellow's escape. But I must not appear, mind. I'll do what I can to help; but if your own wits do not accomplish the rest, why shot he must be. Come, come.

*Cath.* The world calls you severe, sire; but, oh, how little does it know you heart.

*Fred.* Pish! you're a silly child; the world is right, and calls me truly. The King is severe, terribly severe, and who shall blame the King. The world has no notion of the dangers which menace the State; he knows them, but conceals them. When a poor old man like your King has to contend, single-handed, with five enemies, each more powerful than himself, the moral superiority of his arms must be maintained. It is to the force of that opinion he owes his safety; it is the true foundation of his throne. That moral superiority he has maintained in defeat and victory; and whilst he lives, he will maintain it. It promises to him present security; it ensures to him ultimate triumph over his enemies, with the respect and love of his people.

[*Exit L. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Major's Hut, as before—candle lighted—bed removed—Major's cloak spread over the arm-chair on R. of table.*

MAJOR discovered smoking.

*Maj.* (*Sings.*)

*Tobacco is an Indian weed, &c.*

There's a deal of morality in that little song; though, often as I've sung it, it never struck me

till now. To be sure, I don't remember ever before giving my mind to serious thinking on my latter end. Not but I've often had a smart tap on the door from the same leaden messengers; but then they always come unlooked-for, and in hot blood, there's the difference. I wish old Fritz had sentenced me to be killed in the next action; I'd have engaged to manage it by hook or by crook! It would have been all the same to him, and much more agreeable to me

*Enter BLITZ at D. F.*

than being paraded out in the cold night, and stuck up mummehance, like a stuffed yager, to be popped at.

(*Sings.*) *Think of this, &c.* (*Blitz salutes.*)

Well, Blitz, it is almost sundown?

*Blitz.* I don't know, Major. I haven't seen the sun to-day. I wish we'd a Lapland winter, and he'd not set for six months; that would puzzle them. Please, Major, here's Mrs. Blitz outside, wants to see you.

*Maj.* Ah, ha! better late than never; tell her to come in; but mind, I'll countermand her in one moment if she blubbers. Say so, Blitz; I know she's a tender-hearted fool, and we must bully her.

(*Sings.*) "*Think of this,*" &c.

*Enter MRS. BLITZ, D. F.*

(*Mrs. Blitz brings with her a small bunch of shamrock—comes down, R. H., striving to hide her sorrow from the Major's observation.*)

*Mrs. B. Servant, Major.*

*Maj.* Morrow, Mrs. B.; do you trot here in the cool of the evening to bid me a good morning, and this the 17th of March, of all days in the 365? Aren't you ashamed of this neglect, after all the little attentions I've paid you for these twelve years?

*Mrs. B.* Ah, Major! the colour of this day is sadly changed.

*Maj.* To be sure, things will change colour; you're not quite so rosy as the day you coaxed me to take this scrub of yours for my batman.

*Mrs. B.* What will become of us now, Major? I've often told Blitz he did not know half the kind things you did for him.

*Maj.* Ah, well! never mind now, Mrs. B. It's too late to upbraid him with his obligations; he's an honest old fellow, and I'll forgive him all he owes me.

*Blitz.* Heaven bless your honour!

*Maj.* Well, you got the bunch of shamrock for me at last, I see; and why didn't you bring it to me in the morning, and not let me go to parade half-dressed? I felt like an ensign who had lost his colours, through your forgetfulness.

*Mrs. B.* It's the last time I'll ever forget it, Major.

*Maj.* Thank you, that's a comfort anyway. Give it here to me; let me look upon it for the last time. Why, Mrs. Blitz, how's this? It's wet! Pho! nonsense! It would have kept green for my time without being watered, you silly woman!

*Mrs. B.* I didn't know, I'm sure, Major; if it's wetted, it's with my tears—I'm sure they fell like rain all the time I was picking it.

*Maj.* Och, fie, fie, Mrs. B.; tears from the wife

of an old dragon of the guard! You ought to be ashamed to own it—there, dry your eyes.

Mrs. B. It's no use drying them, Major.

Major. Then take them away out o' this: you're a foolish old woman, Mrs. Blitz.

Blitz. She can't help it, sir.

Major. And you're another, making a watering-pot of that empty head at your time of life. To see a fellow blubbering like a sucking crocodile, and every bristle on his lip as grey as a superannuated badger. There, now, good-bye, Mrs. B.; be off with you both, and don't tease me.

Mrs. B. Oh, Major, oh! I shall never be worth soap for a day's washing again. I'm quite broken—quite wrung up.

Major. I wish you were wrung dry. Here, Blitz, take this; I owe you something. (*Offers purse.*)

Blitz. No, you don't, Major.

Major. Do as I bid you, Blitz.

Mrs. B. Let him touch it, if he dare!

Major. Mind your soapuds, Mrs. B. Take hold of it, you old ass; don't I always give my stable a treat on St. Patrick's day.

Blitz. They'll have treat enough for this day. I beg pardon, Major, for disobeying orders; but if I finger one penny of that, may I be damn'd!

(*Goes up.*)

Major. Um! heaven knows, it's no great matter in it. Well, I'll put it in my pocket till by-and-by; and if the grenadiers do their business in a soldier-like way, and shoot me dead at the first fire, I'll make them a posthumous present of it, to drink my health after.

Blitz. (*At door.*) I see Captain Gustavus and Miss Catherine coming this way, Major.

Major. The devil you do! Now comes the worst part of this day's drill. Well, be off with ye both; and Blitz, bid my groom have Gray Munster at the door in field-day order—I'd like that poor horse to see the last of me. Heaven be with you, my dear Mrs. B.—good-bye!

(*Kisses her affectionately. Mrs. Blitz raises her hands to the sides of the Major's head, and kisses his cheeks on both sides.*)

Mrs. B., Mrs. B., for shame—here's company coming.

Mrs. B. Oh, Major, that I should live to see this!

[*Exeunt Blitz and Mrs. Blitz at door, F.*

Major. (*F summing his hat and pipe.*) Good old girl! It's well for a poor exiled soldier, far from country, kith, or kin, to feel that at least one honest Christian treat will bedew his stranger grave. Och, when one's in real heart-grief and sorrow, there's no man like a woman—when she's sincere—and I'll answer for Mrs. B., though I wouldn't for Miss Dalia O'Dogherty.

Enter GUSTAVUS, MAD. SCHONFELDT, and CATHERINE, at door.

(*Catherine wears a large cloak, hat, and veil. Gustavus rushes down to Major. Catherine carefully closes the door, and advances with Mad. Schonfeldt, R. H.*)

Gus. Pardon me, my friend, for not sooner seeing you: but though so long absent, I have not, believe me, been idle.

Major. Your hand, my dear lad;—not another word about it. Mum! Ah, pretty one! you here, too, in this black evening. This is kind. Madam,

your most devoted. I can just ask you to sit down, ladies; but, faith, if you two had been three, we must have made one of my seats carry double.

Cath. Dear Major, this is no time to express all that I feel I owe to you, when I am about to pray for one added favour at your hands.

Major. Never doubt me, Miss Catherine; I'm yours for the remnant of my life—I've no duty to perform—I can dispose of both myself and my time as I choose—that is, provided always you limit my services within these four walls.

Cath. The service I require will remove you from their hated limits, I trust happily, and for ever.

Major. Oh—hum! Well, Miss Catherine—as how?

Gus. Look not so frowningly, O'Dogherty. Briefly, a plan is arranged for your escape—you must embrace it.

Mad. Be not so hasty, my son; he will, when—

Major. Never! Gustavus—Madame—I have risk'd something to secure your regard; and were my life now at my own disposal, it should be again at yours. But this is a personal point of honour, and to no man, or woman, will I yield it. I never yet flinched from death in the performance of my duty;—I will not now fly to avoid the penalty incurred by my neglect of it. No, my friends—ask it not; I am a resolved man!

Gus. This brave, this honourable example shall not be lost upon your friend. Major—yes, we will live or die together; and this moment I—

(*Going.*)

Cat. (*Crosses to him.*) Oh, Gustavus!

(*Detaining him.*)

Gus. Yes, by my soul, I swear, we this night, comrade, march in company, be it for life or death!

(*Throws himself on the seat L. of table.*)

Cath. (*Approaching the Major, who is evidently much moved.*) For life be it, then. Oh, for life—for life!

(*Hysterically.*)

Mad. Oh, Major! could you kill at one blow the friend who loves you, the mother who implores you, and the young wife who supplicates you to preserve to her the chosen of her heart!

Major. The what?—the wife! Are you, then, the wife of—Pho! I mean, has little Catherine here stolen a march on old Fritz? Faith, it's well he doesn't know it; he'd hang you all.

Cath. Ah, no!—less cruel than you, Major. Our King already knows all our fault, and pardons it.

Major. Huza! By my soul he got out of bed on the right side to-day any way! Then leave me to die quietly, and there's an end.

Cath. Nay, more; from him emanated this plan for your escape, Major.

Major. From the King! Oh! blarney! But how am I to pass the guard outside, unless they promise to fall asleep? And next, how get through the lines without the countersign for the night?

Gus. You forget; I have already the word for the day, and, with speed, we yet may have time to pass the lines before it is changed. Decide, Major, to obey the King's merciful suggestion, and fly with me, or I confess my share in this breach of discipline, and die with you!

Cath. Consent, dear Major; accept the King's mercy, and no day shall pass without blessings rising to heaven for your welfare.

Major. Why, my dears, if you're not deceiving me, and if the King really did desire that I should escape his sentence—

Cath. By all my hopes of present life and happi-



nese, I have told you the truth! He suggested this, and his order gain'd us admittance here.

Major. Any way—there's no disputing with such eyes as yours, my dear! Oh, woman, woman! you've always deluded me!—But, first and foremost, let me know how I'll pass the guard outside.

Cath. Here—wearing my pelisse—wearing my shawl and hat, my veil—all has been concerted.

(Catherine goes to the chair r. of table, on which the Major's military cloak is spread, draws it quickly over her, and puts on his hat, which lies on the table.)

Major. And a pretty concert we'll make of it; and you—

Cath. Behold! I'm prepared.

Major. For all—up to the "Present," you'd not wait for "Fire," I suspect.

Mad. Major, Major, you must argue no longer.

Major. Do not think I'll leave this creature to stand in my boots at such a moment. If I do, I'll be—

(Muffled drum beats.)

CAPT. BRANDT enters at D. F., down L. H. As he opens door, Madame Schonfeldt and Gustavus stand between him and the Major, in front.

Capt. Major, we are about to parade the guard. Have you any commands first?

(Addressing Catherine, who nods in reply.)

Gus. Captain Brandt—by your favour, in one minute more we take our leave.

Capt. Pray command me to the utmost limit of my orders.

[Bows, and exits at D. F.]

Gus. Now, Major, decide to act with me in this attempt at safety, or I'll call back Brandt, and confess to him our true situation.

Major. And a pretty situation it is, and be d—d to it. I, who've been shot at all my life, like a man, to turn woman at last. Then, leaving her to personate me, is little better than downright suicide. However, here I am at your disposal—do what you will with me, ladies.

(They dress him while they speak.)

Cath. My blessing attend you, dear Major. Now stoop low, and lean on your supporters. So—so—on my mother.

Major. With all my heart; but, being a young lady, I'd naturally choose the other sex for a leaning-post. So, Gustavus, by your leave I think you might be more attentive, considering my sex and situation. Mind, jewel, show them what you are before you're shot.

(Catherine sits in the chair.)

Enter BLITZ at D. F., down, L. H.

Blitz. Munster's ready at the door, Major. (Catherine nods.) They're now telling off the party.

Mad. Heavens! we are too late!

Blitz. If you wait a moment longer, madame, there'll be better light; they're going to fire a couple of large torches outside there.

Major. The devil they are!

[Major, sustained by Gustavus and Madame, hurry off at door, F.]

Blitz. Mrs. B. has sent your best white handkerchief, Major; it's nice and clean, and she said you'd like it better than a rough sash about your—your—

(Wiping his eyes.) Catherine nods and takes it.) Poor master! he's silent—a little cast down at the last moment. I'll lay a year's pay, quiet as he sits there, he'll die a man for all! Poor

Mrs. B.! how she'll miss him. He had but one fault in her eyes—she used to say he was such a devil amongst the women-folk—and I remember—

Cath. Hem!

(Coughs.)

Blitz. Did you call, Major? Oh! praying, perhaps.

(Muffled drum beats—"Dead March" played behind scenes—Two Pioneers enter—muffled black-cased drums—Twelve Grenadiers, with arms reversed, enter at door, and range on L. H., followed by CAPTAIN BRANDT—Catherine falls gradually on her knees.)

Capt. Rise, Major—let me assist to raise you. (Goes over.) Ha! he droops—he faints!

Blitz. Faint! if he does I'll be d—d! Bring the lights here.

(Catherine screams and falls senseless, discovering herself by her hat falling off—at the same time Blitz looks bewildered a moment, then bursts out into grotesque joy, sings, dances, &c.—Door opens, and MADAME SCHONFELDT enters—Catherine rushes to her.)

Cath. They are away, then he is safe—safe!

Blitz. (Sings.)

Quarters too hot, fol de lol lol!

Off like a shot, fol de rol lol la!

GENERAL GOTHA enters, speaking.

Gen. Captain Brandt, is the Major ready?

Blitz. (Saluting.) Not yet, General. The Major was never too late for parade before—first offence—hope you'll excuse it, tol de rol!

Gen. What! an escape, Captain? Not a word here. Ladies, your motives for this daring step will, I hope, excuse you to the King, before whom I must now conduct you. Captain, follow with your guard to the old lodge west of the wood, on the left of our lines, there we shall find the King. Now, ladies, with your leave.

(General and ladies retire up.)

Capt. Move, forward, men—quick march. Slope arms!

[Grenadiers move round in front, and through door, sloping arms as they near it.]

Blitz. Oh, ho!—(eats himself)—how my sides ache! and my mouth's as dry as if I'd been chewing cartridge-ends for half a day. What an escape! (Sees bottle.) Ah, how providential!—(fills)—and the ladies to do it—long life to them! What news for Mrs. B.! he, he! I must quiz her a little. (Calls.) Mrs. Blitz! (Drinks.) Mrs. B. was right; she always said he was a devil amongst the girls, and I daresay she knew pretty well how things went. Poor soul! she'll be mad with joy. Mrs. B.!—(drinks)—well, it's strange, I found grief a pretty spongy sort of a feeling; but, 'pon my honour, I think joy's worse; it's a perfect sand-bag. (Bursts.) Mrs. Blitz, come out, I've good news of the Major! That'll bring her out of the dark. (Seats himself again, r. H., drinking—MRS. BLITZ slowly entering, r. H. D., during the following.) I'll pretend to be fuddled. Poor soul! if she takes on so much for the Major, what would

shed do if anything were to happen to me? Oh, mum! here she is. Sit down, my dear.

(Affects to be tipsy.)

Mrs. B. Whv, I can't believe my eyes! Oh, the old sot! What's your good news of the Major?

Blitz. Why, it's all over, my dear—take a drop.

Mrs. B. All over—I can't drink it—all over!

Blitz. Yes, he's off! (Drinks.) Here's a pleasant journey to him—I must drink that, heigho!

Mrs. B. The wretch! (Aside.) Give me a glass, Blitz.

Blitz. You know, my love, you can't drink it.

Mrs. B. Never mind, fill me a glass, I say.

Blitz. There's a bumper! now, what will you do with it, eh? He, he, he!

Mrs. B. Wash your ugly face with it!—(Throws it in his face)—you hypocrite! you ungrateful, unfeeling old monster—that I should live to see this! (Seats herself, crying bitterly.—Blitz laughs, and, rising, approaches her.) Don't come near me, or I'll tear your eyes out!

Blitz. Well, now, my poor, dear wife!

Mrs. B. Don't dear wife me! I'm no dear wife of yours, you brute, you!

Blitz. Oh, fie, Mrs. B., don't say that, consider my character, if you've no regard for your own; don't be angry with me, for sorrow ought to be drown'd.

Mrs. B. You ought to be hanged. What would you say to me if you'd found me drunk here on the very day a good, kind master of twelve years died a cruel death?

Blitz. I should say you were a thirsty, ungrateful, middle-aged matron. And what would you say to me, if you found me sober here the very hour a good kind master had escaped from a cruel death; eh?

Mrs. B. Eh—what, Blitz? escaped? you don't, daren't jest with me; but you said—

Blitz. I said I'd good news, and I had; and I said it was all over, and it was.

Mrs. B. O dear, my head; but you said—

Blitz. I said he was off, and he is. You see, Madame Schonfeldt, Miss Catherine, and Captain Gustavus, were passed in to see the Major, by the King's order. Well, the Major he pull'd on Miss Catherine's gown, and walked off; Miss Catherine, she pull'd on the Major's — cloak, and staid behind—and—tol de rol lol.

(Sings and dances.)

Mrs. B. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, dear! I'm so—if you don't hold me I shall faint—I could take a glass of wine now! Ha! ha! ha! O, dear Blitz!

Blitz. You'll wash my ugly face again, eh!

Mrs. B. No; but I'll kiss it dry, ugly as you are.

Blitz. You must be quick, then; for I'm off directly to old Fritz's quarters. The General has marched the ladies there, to make his report: now I should like to know what the old King will do with them.

Mrs. B. I'll go too; and if he touches a hair of their heads, I'll let him hear my opinion of him. Blitz, do you think the old King can do anything to those two dear young ladies?

Blitz. I don't think he can, if you ask me. But only think of their running such risk for the Major. You always said he was a devil amongst the womankind.

Mrs. B. Was, and is, and always will be, I hope; but come along, Blitz, let's follow and learn all.

Blitz. One moment, touching this bottle?

Mrs. B. Oh, hang it, take a glass and leave the bottle.

Blitz. Don't you think, Mrs. B., it will be as well to take the bottle and leave the glass. Now, Mrs. B., for the ladies; egad I begin to feel like a devil of a fellow after the girls myself.

[Ezeunt, R. H.]

SCENE IV.—A dark Wood; old-fashioned Lodge, L. H. U. E., with pent-house and folding doors leading to cellar.

Enter GUSTAVUS and MAJOR, R. H., looking back cautiously, as if followed.

Gus. I tell you, Major, we're too late; the word for the day is changed. To pass the lines here in face of the rounds would be impossible; and it certainly was them we stumbled on.

Maj. But what the plague were they at, standing stock still in the wood, lump'd together, heads and tails, like the pigs in Pat's parlour, not to take up all the room? They couldn't be the rounds.

Gus. (Who has been listening, R. H.) Hush! they come this way.

Maj. Then, we'd best go the other way. (Noise.)

Gus. How! they are dismounting! this way we may observe. They are of the guard.

Maj. Now mind, Captain, if once we're challenged, to the devil I pitch this uniform. I'll not be shot in petticoats—no offence to the ladies—so I tell you.

[They retire up, R. H.]

Enter TRENCK and Twelve Pandours, R. H., in the dress of the Dragoons of the Royal Guard.

Tre. So far, all goes well! Oh! here is the door.

(Goes to the penthouse, and stamps,

PIERRE comes from the door.)

Pie. Alerte, Mons. Trenck! me voici. I am already wis you. Messieurs les Pandours—Serveur. Mais qu'il fait froid—Sacré bien!

Tre. Is the old gentleman ready for his ride?

Pie. Oui, quite prepare. Have you some horse for to ride—myself and le docteur?

Tre. Three spare horses, one for your master, one for yourself, and one for the—

Pie. Oui, I know; taisez-vous—descendons.

Tre. Must we enter by this underground route?

Pie. Sans doute. Dis cellar come up in ze room, where ze old King and my master play together at echecs—dere we shall find him snug, eh? I have come down for some wine. He! he!

Tre. Wine, eh! I'll present him with a dozen of real Hungary, that shall stir his blood like brandy. Slavitz! stay by the door; suffer no one to depart or to approach without the word "Trenck." Lead the way, monsieur! lead the way.

Pie. (Crosses R. H.) I shall, if you please—not—I shall stop wis Slavitz, and help him to wash ze top of ze house.

Tre. Stay here, then; and Slavitz, if this fellow is restive or noisy—you know—*chick!* (Imitating the pulling of a trigger.) Down lads! quick, quick, quick! (The men go into the cellar, through the doors of the penthouse.) Slavitz! remember the word is "Trenck."

[Exit into penthouse.]

MAJOR and GUSTAVUS appear behind, R. H.

Gus. 'Tis the King they menace! What's to be done?

Maj. Rescue him, to be sure! This way one moment.

Pie. Mais tenez—I feel somebody wis my ears.

(Major and Gustavus retreat behind the wing, R. H., as Slavitz and Pierre turn round to look.)

Slav. Who goes there? (Bringing his musket to the recover.) Speak—(steps up stage)—Speak, or I fire!

(Presents as the scene closes.)

SCENE V.—A Front Wood. (Lamps down.)

Enter GUSTAVUS and MAJOR, R. H., cautiously.

Maj. He sees us no longer—he has turned the corner of the house—his shadow's off the ground. Now I command you to obey my order, 'tis the safest plan—avoid their horses, and make for the nearest of our pickets; bring the men with you on the spur, till then I'll engage to amuse these rascals, never fear.

Gus. I had better remain—you'll be overpowered, and perhaps both be sacrificed before I return.

Maj. Don't prate; give me your hat and sword; I've a plan of my own to take them all prisoners—then away! I fear that damn'd fellow will again challenge before I'm ready to advance to him with the word—Trenck, isn't it? All right! Och! I'll bother the Pandours. How surprised old Fritz will be to see me!

Gus. You are right—I'm gone; but be cautious.

[Exit Gustavus, L. H.]  
Maj. Now to show myself boldly, and advance with the name of this Pandour in my mouth. Och, I'm in luck; and now at least stand a chance of dying in a natural way. So now for a peep, and then to show myself. If I can only put my hand on the collar of Mr. Slavitz, I'll answer for his making no great deal of noise in this world. So, now's my time.

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE VI.—Interior of an old-fashioned Game-keeper's Lodge. Trophies of various sorts of game, wolf, elk, bear. On one side a wood fire on huge dogs. Balustrade at back, leading down-stairs to cellar. A lamp near it, as if left by some one who has gone down.

FREDERICK and MOUCHET discovered playing at chess.

Fred. You'll out-manœuvre me again, Docteur; you're the best tactician after all.

Doc. I claim your castle, sire.

Fred. Take it.

Doc. The last knight—you'll be taken, sire.

Fred. The sooner the better; that monarch merits captivity who knows not when to diel "Forward, Sir King, forward! On boys, on!"

(Singing.)

Doc. Check, sire.

Fred. Ha! I must retreat, then; I've yet one move left! only one.

(TRENCK and Dragoons, having mounted the stairs unobserved, now advance.)

Tre. Not one, sire. Your Majesty's check-mated.

Fred. (Starts into R. H. corner, drawing his sword.) Ha! Treason! my guard! Pierre—Brunet—who waits?

Tre. 'Tis useless, sire, you are my prisoner; permit me to assist you to a hat and cloak—'tis of your own guard, you need not blush to wear it.

Fred. I do blush to see the uniform of my guard so disgraced! Baron, this is *un peu trop fort*. The Emperor cannot sanction this royal kidnapping, this assassin-like proceeding.

Tre. Your Majesty can argue that point with him in person, to-morrow, in Count Daun's camp, where he waits to welcome you. By your leave, sire—our time is precious.

Fred. Scoundrels! Touch me not—I'll hang every rascal of you! Ah, Docteur! coquin et lâche que vous êtes! you have betrayed your friend; but I'll not submit to such a degradation. Baron, dead, you may take me; alive, never!

Tre. Nay, then, we must constrain you, sire!

(Draws his sword.—A pistol is fired behind, and a cry is heard of "The Prussians! the Prussians!"—Trenck rushes towards the door as the MAJOR runs in, with his sword drawn.)

Tre. Ha! surprised! (Falls back.)

Maj. Baron Francis Trenck, surrender! The house is surrounded by the Royal guard.

Pierre. (Below.) Murder! Murder!

Maj. If your Majesty does not instantly show yourself, I can't answer for the lives of the prisoners either without the house or within.

Fred. Monsieur le Baron, by your leave!

(Crossing in front to Major.)

Maj. To the left, sire—quick, quick!

Fred. You, Major! Ha! I see—I see! To the left—eh? (Aside.)

[Exit at door.]

Pie. (Below.) Get me up—it is *von dam ruse*! Tronck, Docteur—dere is no Prussian. Murder! Murder!

Maj. Don't let him up here—(Pierre rushes up the stairs, pale and terrified)—he'll spoil the party. Ha, ha!

Pie. Oh, Monsieur Tronck, you are made of fool! Dere is no one Prusse—only him—*zere*—he is beside himself.

Doc. How! What—no Prussian?

Maj. You lie, rascal! I'm not beside myself. Baron, this fellow's not to be believed on oath.

Tre. Speak, rascal, coward, or I'll strangle you! Are we not surrounded?

Maj. To be sure you are. Haven't I surrounded you? Ha, ha, ha! I'll die before I'm killed, now!

Pie. Sacré blen! You will not understand. He is alone! He call out "Trenck,"—den shoot pauvre Slavitz, and roll me down de cellar. Kill him, and run away wis me!

Tre. Major, is this true?

Maj. Every word of it—I give you my honour. The King is now out of your reach: all you've to do is to order in supper and we'll enjoy ourselves till he comes back with the guard. Ha, ha, ha!

Tre. Ten thousand devils! We must now look to our safety alone. Major, give way.

Maj. In Ireland we never give way to any man in passion, except a mad bull or a lady.

Tre. Cut him to pieces

(Crosses to L. H. corner.)

Maj. Ha, ha! That's Irish—cut and come again, boys!

(Drums, trumpets, and shouts without. The KING rushes in at door, followed by Six Grenadiers, the GENERAL and Officers. GUSTAVUS enters up the stairs with six more Grenadiers.—Tableau!)

Fred. Halt, guard! A parley—Baron, surrender!

Tre. To be hanged, or imprisoned in a dungeon, like my poor nephew? Never, sire,—I'll die by my game, as I made it. Pandours, fire—and forward.

(The Dragoons present. The King advances towards them courageously.)

Fred. Recover! (The Dragoons recover.) Baron, you're a brave man; this audacious attempt proves you a clever one. I'll do more than you granted me—I'll proffer terms. Take your own, and your men's lives—if, in one minute, you surrender.

(Takes out his watch.)

Tre. You're too generous, sire, and these conditions too honourable, to be rejected: but I must keep faith even with a scoundrel. The docteur, sire, must be spared.

Fred. Hum! What! Philosophy? He shall have his life, 'tis not worth taking.

Tre. And freedom, sire?

Fred. And freedom. Baron, the minute has expired.

Tre. Sire, we are your prisoners.

(Kneels, offering his sword; at the same time the Dragoons lay down their arms.)

Fred. So, Baron, take your sword again; and when next you would secure a King, be sure he has not a move left: there's a grand difference between check and checkmate, Baron. General, have those fair culprits brought before me. [Exit General at door.] Remove that traitor. Let him be conducted to the Austrian outposts, with his treatise on the philosophy of moral obligations tied about his neck, and himself strapped on the back of an ass.

Re-enter GENERAL, with MADAME SCHONFELDT and CATHERINE, at the door.

Fred. So, fair ladies, you have been forcing my guard, I hear; releasing prisoners, and committing other acts of downright rebellion!

Mad. and Cath. Mercy, sire!

Fred. Mercy, eh? Gustavus Schonfeldt, advance. Young lady, I owed to your father my life. If I give you the disposal of this culprit's, which he has forfeited, I shall balance the account. Take him—be happy!—(Passes Gustavus, and crosses to Catherine—aside)—or I'll contrive his escape. Not a word!

(They kneel, and kiss the King's hand with excessive emotion.—The King puts his finger on his lips, and turns to the Major.)

As for you, Major—

Maj. Now comes my turn!

Fred. I have been somewhat surprised to see you, I own; but—

Maj. Your Majesty would have had a greater surprise if you had not seen me!

Fred. I am glad you are not shot, on my own account.

Maj. And, on my honour, sire, so am I.

Fred. Because your death would have been an act of gross injustice. I had, as I found, on reflection, no right to issue any Order of the day whilst Count Gotha was the general commanding the division. You perceive I was wrong—ah?

Maj. I certainly shall not dispute the point with your Majesty.

Fred. Still some punishment is your due. I therefore dismiss you from your command in the Dragoons of the Guard.

Maj. Sire! (Kneeling.) Shoot me, ten times over, rather!

Fred. Count, you will this day erase the Major from off the master-roll of the guard; and at the same time add to my staff-list, as Colonel and aide-de-camp, the name of Sir Maurice O'Dogherty, Knight of the Black Eagle. You will need the order—wear mine.

(Attaches to the Major's breast his own order.)

Maj. If ever this order of yours is broken, sire, it must be by the sabres of your enemies.

Fred. And you (addressing grenadiers) that suffer women to take your prisoner from under your bayonets, you, I fancy, as I'm in the forgiving mood, expect something done for you? Well, consider your reward, my sons, and let Joden inform me when you have resolved.

Jod. We have already.

Fred. What will you have?

Jod. That you'll not be so rash for the future, but now you're getting old, keep amongst us, out of harm's way.

Fred. Is that all?

Jod. Isn't that enough?

Fred. I am the happiest King alive.

(With great exultation.)

Tre. I no longer wonder at your victories, sire.

Fred. You see, Baron, if you had succeeded, what a large family you would have left fatherless. Captain Brandt, prepare to move off the guard and prisoners. Ladies, Count, Baron Trenck, Major O'Dogherty—

Maj. Colonel O'Dogherty, sire, at your service!

Fred. True, I forgot. Colonel O'Dogherty, I must not turn you away snapperless. If we are short of fare, remember my cook did not expect strangers to-night. In the mean time, if I may read the flattery of smiling faces and bright eyes, there are none present who do not sympathize with your escape, Colonel, and mine.

Maj. Your Majesty must admit I have an additional claim on the sympathy of the ladies, since it was in their cause I erred.

Fred. True, Colonel, and on their influence you must rely to wipe away all remembrance of your errors: let us hope, therefore, their smiles may prove the only Order of the Day!

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets. Soldiers on each side face about and march up, R. and L., the characters also moving up, whilst the curtain falls on tableau.)

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